

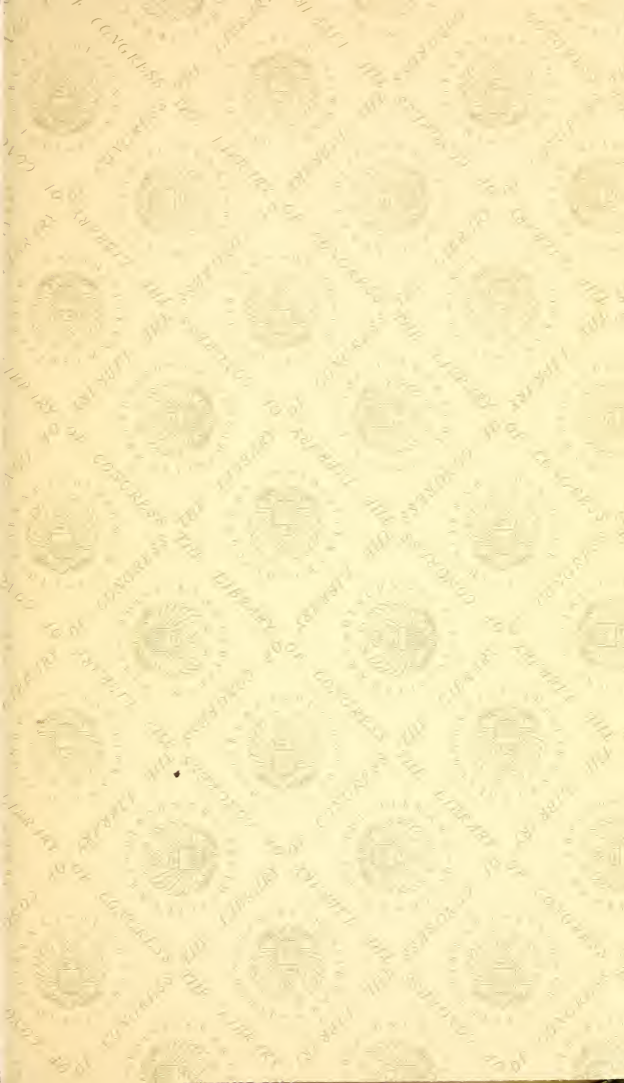
POEMS

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ARTHUR REED ROPES







POEMS



# P O E M S

BY

ARTHUR REED ROPES

“

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TO MY SISTER  
WHOM CHILDREN KNOW AS  
• M. E. R.



## PREFACE.

THE present small volume has been selected from about four times its bulk of verse, written between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five; the poems and sonnets respectively are arranged roughly in their order of composition. Several of the pieces included have appeared in two small collections of verse published at Cambridge, and others in the *Cambridge Review*, and elsewhere. The only poem which seems to need any prefatory explanation is the "Barcarolle." This, as its title hints, is simply an attempt to translate Chopin's music into rhyme, almost bar by bar. The Venice of the song is the ideal home of all barcarolles, in which even the (doubtless) preposterous topography of the poem is possible. To all those who have wandered down the ways of that dream-city in some interval of prosaic life, I commend this book, asking that for the sake of their own dreams they may judge it leniently.

A. R. R.



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## POEMS.

### THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD.

THERE grew a poppy in a plot of corn,  
And three men went thereby, before the heat  
Had drawn from out the field beneath their  
feet

The freshness of the dewdrops and the morn ;  
So did the fairness of that lonely flower  
Strike in upon the sense of all the three,  
And one, a youth, spake in that youthful hour,  
And said, " Methinks this poppy well might be  
Some rich dark Southern beauty, sleepy-sweet,  
Girt with a bending ring of gracious men."

The second, one that was of riper years,  
Made answer, " Nay, a blood-red banner, torn  
By steel of strife, blown with the clarion's blast,

And guarded round by ranks of shining spears."  
Then spake the third, a little as in scorn  
Of the field-flowers, and the long-perished past  
When his tired eyes had not outlived their  
tears :

"Death comes to love and war ; what aid they  
then ?

This flower has one speech only unto me,  
That man is as the grass, and all his pride  
Of war and beauty of love shall utterly  
Fade as the flowers in the sad autumn-tide ;  
The wind sweeps over them and they are  
gone."

And at his word the three went silent on,  
And the low sunlight lay uncrossed by shade  
Until a maiden came, who hummed a song  
For very gladness, as she tripped along,  
The freshness of the morning in her eyes ;  
Nor was she moved, as they, in any wise  
To any thought of that which makes afraid,  
But stooped, and plucked the poppy from the  
ground,  
And set it on the whiteness of her dress,

*THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD. 3*

And so passed on with added loveliness.

No hidden inner meaning had she found,

Nor thought of strife and death to make her  
sad—

The sole sweet beauty was enough to her ;

She took God's thought, the poppy, and was  
glad,

So was she Nature's best interpreter.

## DREAMLAND.

DEEP in the listless land of dreams  
There lies a lake shut in with hills,  
Wherefrom a thousand threads of streams  
Fall, and the misty moonlight gleams  
Upon them, and the night air thrills  
With noise of rills.

And all night long a single bird  
In thickets of the tangled wood  
Sings softly, and the song half-heard  
Seems echo of some amorous word  
Remembered from lost love, some good  
Not understood.

Down the soft air of summer hours  
Faint wandering wafts of perfume glide,  
Sweet scents of fragrant faded flowers,  
Regrets of roses, breath of bowers  
From whose dead joys the years divide  
Bridegroom and bride.

Beside the lake, white palace-halls,  
A marble moonshine, temple-wise  
Stand high against the light that falls  
And slips in silver down the walls  
And roofs whose summits snowlike rise  
Into the skies.

From out the palace fitfully  
Come murmuring through the midst of night  
Echoes of song and minstrelsy,  
Ripples of silver sound, that die  
Across the silver rippling light  
Far out of sight.

The boat of dreams that bears me here  
Drifts through this shadowed loveliness ;  
Of all the thoughts of every year,  
One thought alone, one dream seems dear,  
This sleep of Nature, passionless  
To curse or bless.

The past of passion and of pain,  
The wan wet autumn days that weep

From their grey skies in grieving rain—  
No thoughts of such as these remain,  
    Only the pleasure, dim yet deep,  
        Of conscious sleep.

Sleep and soft dreams—that is the boon  
    That only makes us fully blest ;  
Dreams underneath the midnight moon—  
All sweet things else grow weary soon,  
    And that is truly most and best  
        That gives us rest.

### DRONE HONEY.

I KNOW a land whereto few go to dwell,  
About whose loveliness there breathes a spell  
    Through ranks of reeds and whispering  
        waves of grasses,  
And many a hazy hill and dreaming dell.

And all that country like a sorceress seems,  
Who murmurs mystic spells adown the streams,  
    And in her shadowy treasure-house amasses  
The sweetness and the sleep of all men's dreams.

Therein the drones make honey—not as ours,  
Nor drawn from bloom of garden beds and  
    bowers,  
    But from a land of poppy and lotos, lying  
Unwakened by the freshness of spring flowers.

With all the richness of her leaves unrolled  
The poppy dreams through every glossy fold,  
More frequent than in fields of harvest,  
sighing  
To the soft wind that ripples all their gold.

Therefrom is drawn the honey of rest or pain,  
Like that strange sweetness of the Colchian  
plain,  
Whereof who tasted were as men made  
drunken,  
And some that tasted overmuch were slain.

And they that overmuch delight in sleep,  
The house of such shall be a ruinous heap,  
Even as the Cities of the Plain, down-sunken  
Beneath the horror of a leaden deep.

But he that tastes not more than man may bear  
Shall have sweet dreams about him everywhere,  
And in the heat and drouth of dusty summer  
Shall breathe pure perfume of a cooler air.



The scandals waking troubles overworn,  
The petty strifes whereby the most are torn,  
    These shall he look on as a casual comer,  
And pass them with a smile, but not of scorn.

And if his mind be stirred therewith—yet soon  
Its strings shall tremble back to one sweet  
    tune,  
    Like that famed music of a mighty master,  
The ripple of a brook beneath the moon.

Free is he from the pitiful present hour ;  
How can it have upon him any power  
    While some song's memory makes his heart  
        beat faster,  
Some pictured face or perfume of a flower ?

These goodly gifts he has ; but those that try  
To gain them, and of over-striving die,  
    What have they for the loss of love and  
        laughter,  
What garniture of graves wherein to lie ?

Waste mounds are theirs, nor decked with  
carven stones,  
Yet shall the poppy bloom above their bones,  
And from it shall be drawn, in autumns  
after,  
Delicate honey of the hiveless drones.

A SONG IN AUTUMN.

SWEET, if summer's bliss  
In the months we miss,  
Yet Love's rose recovers  
Fragrance with a kiss.  
Suns arise and set,  
Summers wane in wet,  
But the lips of lovers  
Never can forget.

When warm days are dead,  
And the rose has shed  
Over beds and bowers  
Wreck of white and red,  
And the summer's feet  
With the swallows fleet,  
After fall of flowers  
Song shall yet be sweet.

Unto us that sing  
Winter is as spring,  
Autumn is as Maytime,  
Summer takes not wing ;  
For our singing saith  
More is love than breath,  
More than night and daytime,  
More than life and death.

BALLADE OF A GARDEN.

WITH splash of the light oars swiftly plying,  
The sharp prow furrows the watery way ;  
The ripples reach at the bank in dying,  
And soft shades shudder, and long lights play  
In the still dead heat of the drowsy day,  
As on I sweep with the stream that flows  
By sleeping lilies that lie asway  
In the garden of grace whose name none knows.

There ever a whispering wind goes sighing,  
Filled with scent of the new-mown hay,  
Over the flower-hedge peering and prying,  
Wooing the rose as with words that pray ;  
And the waves from the broad bright river bay  
Slide through clear channels to dream and doze,  
Or rise in a fountain's silver spray  
In the garden of grace whose name none knows.

The sweet white rose with the red rose vying  
    Blooms when the summer follows the May,  
Till the stream be hid by the lost leaves lying,  
    That autumn shakes where the lilies lay.  
    But now all bowers and beds are gay,  
And no rain ruffles the flower that blows,  
    And still on the water soft dreams stay  
In the garden of grace whose name none knows.

## ENVOI.

Before the blue of the sky grows grey,  
    And the frayed leaves fall from the faded  
    rose,  
Love's lips shall sing what the day-dreams say  
    In the garden of grace whose name none  
    knows.

BE CONTENT.

SHALL we seek a soul in you,  
Fair, and fairest for an hour ;  
Seek for fragrance in the hue  
Of a scentless scarlet flower ?  
Let the royal rose embower  
Shadows cool with grass and dew  
Love has roses for his dower,  
Yet we love the poppies too.

Poppy and pomegranate—these  
Are enough, we say, to bless ;  
Fire and fruit and sleep and ease—  
Wherefore should we seek to press  
More than these from loveliness ?  
Leave the labour to the bees ;  
Though its flame be incenseless,  
Yet the flower has power to please.

## DOWN THE RIVER.

THE last of the twilight slowly  
Follows the daylight dead,  
Where a bank of cloud lies lowly,  
And rimmed with a murky red.

From the long dark marshes and levels  
The mists reek up to the sky  
Like steam of the witches' revels,  
Or wings of the fiends that fly.

The water is widening seaward,  
The black banks vanish afar,  
And the darkness deepens to leeward,  
A night with never a star.

For the wet sails swell and shiver  
As the wet wind sets to the sea ;  
And over the rainy river,  
As ghosts to the gloom, go we.



### THE THREE WITNESSES.

THE sands that bury and forget,  
    The sea's forgetfulness of foam,  
The sky that never knew us yet,  
    Stand round about our homeless home.  
Wet weeds upon unnoted graves,  
    Heavens clenched in clouds of pitiless grey,  
And refluent ruin of white waves,  
    These are the words they say.

Earth can but say the speech of years,  
    Slow days and years and times that tire  
With trouble of man's fruitless tears  
    And unattainable desire ;  
And each man answers back the earth  
    With life whose limits have but held  
One only gain of little worth,  
    A kiss unchronicled.

## ON THE BRIDGE.

ALL the storm has rolled away,  
    Only now a cloud or two  
Drifts in ragged disarray  
    Over the deep darkened blue ;  
And the risen golden moon  
    Shakes the shadows of the trees  
    Round the river's stillnesses  
And the birdsong of the June.

Under me the current glides,  
    Brown and deep and dimly lit,  
Soundless save against the sides  
    Of the arch that narrows it ;  
And the only sound that grieves  
    Is a noise that never stops,  
    Footsteps of the falling drops  
Down the ladders of the leaves.

## NOCTURNE.

THE twilight ebbs across the fading sky,  
And the tide sinks, and the long beach is dry  
    Save where the bitter pools and streamlets  
        steep

The barren sand, like tears of misery  
That the sad sea is weeping, even as I  
    For pain of love and sorrow without sleep.

I lean into the night with panting lips ;  
There is no air to shake the sails of ships  
    And rouse the beating pulses of the deep—  
Only a sound of the thin brook that drips,  
And sighing ripples on the sandy strips,  
    Moved by the moving tide that knows not  
        sleep.

Yet now the sea is still and pacified,  
The sighing softens as the sands grow wide,  
    At the far end of the long backward sweep,  
The utter ebb and pausing of the tide ;  
For the sea-winds and all the waves have died,  
    And the world's trouble almost seems to  
    sleep.

Last night I dreamed that I lay happily  
Where the deep water and the foam are free,  
    And all strange lovely creatures swim and  
    creep ;  
My hair was as the sea-weed in the sea,  
And the green light was tender over me,  
    So I was glad to feel myself asleep.

It may be thus that I shall seek for rest  
When the full tide comes calling from the  
    west  
    With sound of voices not as those that weep ;  
It may be this shall soothe the heaving breast,  
The lips unloved and the hot hands unpressed,  
    For surely in the ocean there is sleep.

And yet, O eyes forgetful of your faith !

O love, will you remember but in death ?

Is there no echo that your heart can keep ?

The tide has turned, and with the tide its  
breath

Comes landward whispering, yet what it saith

I know not. I will go and strive to sleep.

## NIGHT.

O MOTHER Night, older than this creation,  
Who wast in the beginning without name,  
From generation unto generation  
Thou art unchanging, and thy years the  
same.

Day's hot short life lies dead beneath thy  
kisses,  
Killed with sweet sleep and lullaby of night ;  
And in thine infinite echoless abysses  
All light is lost, and shadow of all light.

For light is of the suns whose ceaseless  
motion  
Ripples the ether outwards from their place ;  
Thine only is the far enfolding ocean,  
The boundless, waveless sea of sunless space.

There time is not, nor measure of any hours ;  
Only the darkness of that deathful sea  
Feels stars come out upon its edge like flowers,  
And fade like flowers through eternity.

Yet art thou loving unto us, O mother,  
To give us rest from toiling of our days ;  
We are thy children, born not of another,  
We singers of thy perfectness and praise.

Time was when all that smote the harp to  
ringing  
With tuneful trouble of the trembling chords,  
Had the strong sense of sunlight in their  
singing,  
Crowned with the laurel, conquerors and  
lords.

We are weary now of watching for the morn-  
ing,  
The dawn that is not of the sun of song :  
No bird-note of the coming day gives warning,  
Though the stars wane, and we have waited  
long.

Shall we watch on, till every star that twinkled  
Be swept as dust from off the heavenly way,  
And the grey East grow white with foam-flakes  
sprinkled,  
Cast from the champing of the steeds of  
day?

Sweeter to look when the slow sun has faded  
Into the heaving waters of the West,  
And shadows darken, and the lights are shaded,  
And the sea's trouble ripples into rest.

Far down the cloudlets drift in red and amber,  
Fallen feathers of the golden hours that fly;  
Up from the eastern gates thy footsteps  
clamber,  
And thy blown hair makes shadow in the sky.

The shining stars are strewn upon thy tresses,  
The wind is soft with breathings of thy  
lips;  
Thy magic moonlight silvers and caresses  
The sleeping cities and the sailing ships.



Thou art the queen of passion and of pleasure,  
Mother of all loves beautiful or base ;  
Kisses and smiles and tears are of thy treasure,  
Sighing and sleep are given us of thy grace.

Thine are the loves that live, the loves that  
wither,  
Whispers, and faces seen through lattice bars,  
Breathings of flute and tinkle of trembling  
cither,  
And sound of singing underneath the stars.

Thine also is the web none may unravel,  
Woven of delicate dreams and threads of  
thought,  
That clothes the ways of sleep wherethrough  
we travel  
With veils of visions wonderfully wrought.

Therefore we turn to thee, O Night, our  
mother,  
With thy dark dreamful poppies garlanded  
There is no man to call the dreamer brother,  
Nor has he kin save thee and all thy dead.

We do not ask thee for the gift of glory,  
The boon of love, or anything but rest ;  
To sleep, while all the worlds grow old and  
hoary,  
Upon the pillow of thy pulseless breast.

Shield us alone from daylight that discovers  
Too soon the secrets and the sleeps of earth:  
Mother of Love and queen of many lovers,  
Grant us thy rest from trouble of grief and  
mirth.

So may we sleep with all that were before us,  
Till strong Time tremble, being very old ;  
Till singing spheres be soundless in their  
chorus,  
And all the circles of the suns grow cold ;

Till the faint stars fade out like dying embers,  
Till the waste worlds lie emptied of their  
light,  
And we are as a dream that none remembers,  
Save only thee, O mighty mother Night !

A MEMORY.

NOT in summer days,  
    When the noontide blazes  
Through a filmy haze  
    On the poor parched daisies  
And the glaring ways ;

When you tire of play,  
    Tire of talk and laughter,  
Of the languid day  
    And what may be after,  
All but sleep, you say ;

When the years to be  
    Shadow not your pleasure  
In the world you see  
    Full of laughing leisure,  
Think not then of me.

Not in dancing time,  
Nor in time of singing,  
Full of sound and rhyme  
And the thrill of ringing  
Strings and feet that chime ;

But when coming day  
Brings an end of dances,  
Beauty fades away,  
Lamps and flowers and fancies,  
As the world grows grey ;

When the sound of wheels  
Wearies you in going,  
And the landscape feels  
Strange beyond all knowing  
As the dawning steals ;

When the last stars shine  
Faint as dying embers,  
May my soul divine  
That your heart remembers  
Any word of mine ?

As the grey clouds glow  
    Into gold above you,  
Will your dreaming know  
    What I feel that love you,  
I that love you so?

IN PACE.

WHEN you are dead some day, my dear,  
Quite dead and under ground,  
Where you will never see or hear  
A summer sight or sound,  
What shall remain of you in death,  
When all our songs to you  
Are silent as the bird whose breath  
Has sung the summer through?

I wonder, will you ever wake,  
And with tired eyes again  
Live for your old life's little sake  
An age of joy or pain?  
Shall some stern destiny control  
That perfect form, wherein  
I hardly see enough of soul  
To make your life a sin?

For, we have heard, for all men born  
    One harvest-day prepares  
Its golden garners for the corn,  
    And fire to burn the tares ;  
But who shall gather into sheaves,  
    Or turn aside to blame  
The poppies' puckered helpless leaves,  
    Blown bells of scarlet flame ?

No hate so hard, no love so bold  
    To seek your bliss or woe ;  
You are too sweet for hell to hold,  
    And heaven would tire you so.  
A little while your joy shall be,  
    And when you crave for rest  
The earth shall take you utterly  
    Again into her breast.

And we will find a quiet place  
    For your still sepulchre,  
And lay the flowers upon your face  
    Sweet as your kisses were,

And with hushed voices void of mirth  
Spread the light turf above,  
Soft as the silk you loved on earth,  
As much as you could love.

Few tears, but once, our eyes shall shed,  
Nor will we sigh at all,  
But come and look upon your bed  
When the warm sunlights fall.  
Upon that grave no tree of fruit  
Shall grow, nor any grain,  
Only one flower of shallow root  
That will not spring again.



A PETITION.

WHAT way men have not loved you in  
Shall I find out to love ?  
What sweeter song shall I begin  
Than those you weary of ?  
None in the deep still Maytime hours  
May move you with sweet words ;  
You walk above a world of flowers,  
Amid a world of birds.

The sunlight lies upon the leaves  
Unwavering all the day,  
The heat across the deep blue weaves  
The mist in some strange way.  
At night adown the garden green  
A faint breeze sighs and fails,  
And fountains fill the pause between  
Songs of the nightingales.

Flowers are enough for your desire,  
    Unstirred with love of us ;  
Ah, can you not, when you but tire  
    Of longing languorous,  
Lay your whole face within some white  
    Magnolia's mighty cup,  
And drink in stillness of delight  
    Its cool sweet fragrance up ?

You have your roses' faces fair,  
    Your wild birds' loving note,  
The sun's kiss golden on your hair,  
    The hair's clasp round your throat :  
You have no lack beneath the moon  
    Of amorous song or sigh ;  
How can I find you any boon  
    You have not more than I ?

I have no skill with song or strings  
    To make an hour more sweet,  
No golden gifts or precious things  
    To lay before your feet ;

Yet more than do your birds and bees  
I love your loveliness,  
Because I need you more than these,  
And may deserve you less.

Because I cannot give you aught  
And you can give me all,  
Open some door of tender thought  
Within your garden wall,  
That I may walk the whole year through  
Along the alleys green,  
Lord of the flowers, and one with you,  
O lady-love and queen.

## MORNING IN SPRING.

A SPRING of snow and sleet and rain  
In this unlovely lifeless land,  
And but the old work to do again,  
The old walks and toils for foot and hand.  
Summer is somewhere in the South,  
Surely, and sleep and love and ease,  
And murmurs of the singing mouth,  
And ripple of still seas.

All sweet things lean towards the sun,  
And come with summer, and depart ;  
Sunshine and life and love as one,  
Music and flowers and song and art.  
Here in the sodden sullen dawn  
The thin rain drizzles down like tears ;  
The foul stream crawls through field and lawn  
Where the mist never clears.

SONG.

NIGHT, that flies with wings of blue  
    Spread above the earth asleep,  
Blesses all the lands with dew  
    And with starlight all the deep,  
Giving rest from toil and wrong,  
    Quiet sleep and dreams of bliss,  
    To the lover like a kiss,  
To the poet like a song.

Weary with the glaring day  
    And the windless heat of noon,  
Now the folded flowers asway  
    Slumber to the fountain's tune.  
Stars are tremulous above,  
    Shining only for our sake ;  
    Only we are left awake  
Save the nightingales and Love.

BARCAROLLE.

CHOPIN, OP. 60.

(Dedicated to A. W. WISEMAN.)

THE fiery circle of the dance has burst in  
flaming flakes,

Faces afire with lovers' thirst that only loving  
slakes :

Dark mantles fall upon the glow of gems and  
golden hair,

The embers of the burning ball drift down the  
marble stair.

Fainter the footsteps sound until they cease  
beyond the gates

Where the black boats are clustered round,  
and the black water waits.

Love that I knew not yesterday, love that I  
love to-night,

Guide on the seaward way, my star, now that  
no star gives light ;

The dark lagoon lies still, the air of night is  
dead and warm,  
Edged with a ghostly moon the clouds drift up  
before the storm :  
Out of the sultry Venice ways take wing and  
sail with me  
Where the long wind comes wandering across  
the lonely sea.

Between the frowning walls we glide, and from  
an open door  
Faint music falls like chiming spray struck from  
the rhythmic oar.  
Ah, listen now and hear the rhyme our boat-  
man chants astern,  
Some love-song of a gondolier, that names  
each flower in turn :  
*“Heart of my rose that no one knows, unclosethy  
lord to greet !  
Nay, for the bee has been with me, and he has  
found me sweet.*

*Give poppy-seed whereon to feed, nor heed my  
grief again!*

*The poppy saith, 'Nought profiteth but death for  
lovers' pain.'*"

My rose whose heart the bees have kissed, my  
fieriest, darkest one,

Whose black scorched petals curl apart, burnt  
by the summer sun,

Say, shall we strive with poppy-seed to send  
our pain to sleep,

Or shall Death find our love alive, a flower for  
him to reap?

A flower that blossomed in a night, how shall  
it face the years,

Born in the tapers' light for sun, fed with a  
shower of tears?

Brief barren showers, how shall they make one  
bloom outlive the rest?

The black canal is full of flowers, fallen from  
hair or breast.



A little stir of cooler air comes on us as we  
glide,

Faint ripples lap on wall and stair, and sob  
against the side.

Behind us, like a gondola, the city lies afloat,  
Curtained with storm-cloud blind and dense,  
as if a lover's boat.

Sweet, let us pause and drift awhile before we  
seek the main ;

Lean back and clasp me not, nor lift your lips  
to mine again.

The dark sea of the South is more to me than  
love and bliss,

Better than any woman's mouth the ripples  
sob and kiss—

A cool soft kiss of liquid lips that do not leave  
a sting,

A sob not born of hearts that grieve, or joy of  
anything ;

Only the murmur wherein we with all earth's  
voices blend,

The trouble of the restless sea, that sorrows till  
the end.

*“White lilies set where streams forget the wet  
hills where they rise,  
You lie and dream upon the stream, and gleam  
beneath mine eyes ;  
Where has she been, my love, my queen, unseen  
of all but you ?  
‘Ask of the brook what way she took—we look  
but on the blue.’”*

Where has she strayed indeed, my queen,  
whom I have sought for long ?  
I love you, sweet—be not afraid that I will do  
you wrong ;  
Ah, shall I love you best of all, I that but love  
you well ?  
Surely the sea’s unrest bespeaks the secret it  
can tell.  
Hark how the ripples’ fingers sound against  
the gliding boat,  
With touch that lingers, striking still one  
melancholy note.

The dim lagoon lies wide behind, the waste of  
sea ahead ;

The black clouds hide the moon, and roof a  
world where all seems dead.

Long waves come heaving slowly in from far  
across the night,

Each like a moving bar of shade, flecked with  
a phantom light.

Against my face no wind blows cold, keen  
with the ocean-smell,

Though the whole sea heaves onward, rolled in  
one resistless swell ;

And the broad waves grow steeper now, and  
as they meet our bark

White spray jets upward from the bow, a flash  
against the dark.

As with one will the endless host moves on  
across the world,

Though the wind's clarion yet is still, the  
lightning's banner furled ;

No sound is there from rear to van to guide the  
ranks arow,  
But the sea knows the storm is near, and soon  
the air shall know.

Come nearer, sweet, and clasp me round, that  
no ghost glide between ;  
The silence fills with sound of rustling spirit-  
wings unseen :  
Soft whispers, sudden sway of plumes, with  
little wafts of air  
Send tremors through the veins, and play  
along the tingling hair.  
Ah, love, you start—was it the foam that fell  
on neck or face,  
Or did cold fingers part the pearls and slide  
beneath the lace ?  
Above the lonely waste, who knows what  
things may crowd and fly,  
Or where Death walks, a pillar of grey cloud  
from surge to sky ?

Who knows what things may plot unseen to  
crush out life and form  
With some blind throe of brute embrace be-  
tween the sea and storm?

Turn back, and seek the home of men; another  
time, maybe,  
The butterflies may roam the blue above a  
rippling sea;  
But Psyche's wings are slight and frail, and  
every dash of spray  
Can drown the Eros of a night, the beauty of  
a day.  
Denser and denser from the East the vapours  
fold and crowd,  
Before the cold pale moon that strives in vain  
to pierce the cloud,  
Like some white maiden wandering round a  
house of secret sin,  
And waiting for the sound that tells of murder  
done within.

The sea is cruel in the dark, beneath the pall  
of sky,  
With long pursuing waves that lift our bark  
and pass it by.

Sing, love, to drive my dreams away; your  
song shall fall on me  
Soft as the musical bright spray upon the  
gloomy sea;  
Till black against the night astern we note the  
island shore,  
And all the wide lagoon lies still around our  
boat once more.

*“Dear, was it ever yesterday, and were we  
living then?*

*Some woman lived, and sweet to her were songs  
of other men;*

*Some man there was that set his voice to love-  
songs old or new—*

*But yet it was not I, my love; O say it was  
not you!*

*Dear, will to-morrow ever dawn, and shall  
we see its sun?*

*Some woman's weeping face shall sorrow when  
the night is done;*

*Some man shall curse the golden sky that mocks  
his pain above—*

*But it will not be I; O say, will it be you, my  
love?"*

Ah, sweet, enough—the waves are past, and  
see, the moon on high

Has found at last a sudden gap in the embattled  
sky;

White beams flood downwards from the rift on  
distant spire and dome,

A rippling path of silver seems to guide us to  
our home;

And a soft breeze from out the west blows cool  
against my brow,

Sweet as your breath whose sweeter song  
caressed me even now.

Yet the great storm-cloud still grows high, a  
boundless wall of black,  
Above the trouble of the wind that strives to  
sigh it back ;  
Beyond the petulant weak pulse and strife of  
summer's breath,  
Across the life of earth there comes a darkness  
as of death ;  
Yet see how bright the ripples curl, how fair  
the moonbeams play ;  
The water plashes from the oar in pearl and  
silver spray—  
Look forward, turn not back, nor watch the  
climbing cloud above,  
Think that no storm is on our track, no death  
behind our love.

A double shade of cloud and wall falls on our  
way again ;  
The boat-song echoes strangely loud along the  
gloomy lane.



*"Here, love, we met, nor can we yet forget the  
time of old,*

*The long delights of sounds and sights, white  
nights and days of gold.*

*What roses bound the hedges round and crowned  
our garden green!*

*Of all it gave, we only save a grave where  
flowers have been."*

Surely our song is sad to-night, as though  
beneath our mirth

Sounded the long, long monotone of all the  
mourning earth ;

Kiss me, and bid me sing to you, before the  
thunders come

To drown the thrill of voice or string, and  
strike our music dumb.

*O wonderful white star above, O sea serene and  
wide,*

*I lie afloat upon your love, nor seek to sound its  
tide ;*

*I feel the ripples stir alone, and listen  
dreamily  
To sweet tones growing tenderer with sighings  
of the sea.  
Beyond the utter west, far out across a main  
unknown,  
Is there no island of the blest, made for our sake  
alone?  
Surely the bars of cloud but hide the sunset  
land away,  
Watched by the circling of strange stars that  
wait for us alway.*

There is no star to greet my song, or show us  
where we drift ;  
The low dim cloud that roofs the street is  
dense, without a rift,  
One dark unbroken flow that moves as with  
an evil will,  
So slow, so smooth, we only feel that it is  
coming still.

No thunder yet, though now and then a  
shudder shakes the air,  
No sound but of the oar that makes a ripple  
on the stair ;  
The water widens out again, and shows the  
long lagoon,  
A dim vast plain that shivers for the storm  
that must be soon.  
O love, look back at once, and mark how  
swift and suddenly  
A race of summer lightning runs along the  
edge of sea !  
Strange phantoms walk the cloudy wall that  
veils the fire behind,  
The wild dance flames, and flames again, and  
shuts, and all is blind.  
And through the dark the wavelets sob their  
one mysterious word,  
As they have ever done before there was an  
ear that heard,  
As they will do when all that are die as the  
past has died,  
And one last night without a star shuts on a  
shoreless tide.

There is an end to sailing now, an end to  
song and oar ;  
Close to the prow the torches gleam that guide  
us to the door,  
And on the ripples' restless dance the flashes  
leap and glow,  
Flame splashes from the oar and breaks the  
tide to flame below.  
A little wave-laps unaware along the silent  
street,  
And lips above the lowest stair, as if to kiss  
your feet,  
Then the great door heavily falls and shuts  
you in with me,  
While the first peal of thunder calls the storm  
across the sea.

A TRANSPARENT ALLEGORY.

A SAINT in a painted window  
Stands pure in her place and sweet,  
For what can the strength of sin do  
To climb to her holy feet ?

And men in the church pray to her,  
But she never sways her form,  
And the summer sun shines through her,  
And finds no blood to warm.

As she stands there smiling faintly  
With a glory over her head,  
You think her alive and saintly ;  
She is nothing but glass and lead.

She knows not if day be splendid,  
Nor grieves when the shadows pass  
She will stay till the world is ended,  
Or somebody breaks the glass.

A BIRTHDAY ODE TO DAISY,

DECEMBER 31ST.

SHALL we say that flowers are dead,  
    Times of daisies over,  
Now the grave-like garden bed  
    Has no leaf for cover?  
Though a blossom dares not peer  
    Through the garden mazes,  
Every day in all the year  
    Is a day of daisies.

Over meadows wet and cold  
    Chilling winter passes,  
Yet the silver stars and gold  
    Gleam among the grasses

Fearing not for winter snows,  
Still your flower uncloses,  
Fair as any bloom that blows  
In the time of roses.

Scent of violets that grew  
White or dusky-hearted,  
Over meadows bright with dew  
In the days departed—  
These, and not a flower, I bring  
From the old year taken :  
Flowers shall be not till the spring  
In the new year waken.

Why was not your birthday set  
In the spring's flower-garden,  
That my gift of violet  
Need not crave your pardon ?  
Many reasons could I give,  
This perchance the greatest ;  
Dear, the year that saw you live  
Kept its best till latest.



FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

I.

THE POET AND THE MULTITUDE.

THE plain said to the mountain's barren spire,  
"Nothing will grow on thy wind-beaten  
brow."

And to the poet, bent above his lyre,  
The throng said, "Dreamer, of what use art  
thou?"

The mountain wrathfully replied, "Thou fool,  
Who is it makes thy harvests grow, but I?  
The fierce breath of the fiery South I cool,  
And catch the clouds in mid-flight through  
the sky.

“ My fingers shape the avalanche’s snow,  
My crucible melts the hard glacier’s glass,  
And from my pure white breasts, in ceaseless  
flow,  
Long silver threads of nourishing rivers  
pass.”

The poet answered to the crowd again,  
“ Let my pale brow rest on my idle hand ;  
Does not my smitten side let the life drain,  
A spring to quench the thirst of every  
land ? ”

II.

BY THE SEA.

THE moon from her hands that dangled  
Far up, has languidly  
Dropped her great fan bespangled  
On the blue floor of the sea.

She stoops to reach it, and lingers  
With white arm stretched to save ;  
But the fan escapes her fingers  
On the wash of the passing wave.

To give it you, Moon, I would even  
Plunge in the salt sea-flow,  
If you would come down from heaven,  
Or I to the heaven could go !

FROM THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

I.

NIGHT.

WE bless the coming of the Night,  
Whose cool sweet kiss has set us free.  
Life's clamour and anxiety  
Her mantle covers out of sight.  
All eating cares have taken flight,  
The scented air is wine to me ;  
We bless the coming of the Night,  
Whose cool sweet kiss has set us free.  
Rest now, O reader worn and white,  
Driven by some divinity.  
Aloft, like sparkling hoarfrost, see  
A starry ocean throb in light,  
We bless the coming of the Night.

## THE MOON.

THE Moon, with all her tricky ways,  
Is like a careless young coquette,  
Who smiles, and then her eyes are wet  
And flies or follows or delays.  
By night, along the sand-hills' maze,  
She leads and mocks you till you fret ;  
The Moon, with all her tricky ways,  
Is like a careless young coquette.  
And oft she veils herself in haze,  
A cloak before her splendour set ;  
She is a silly charming pet ;  
We needs must give her love and praise—  
The Moon, with all her tricky ways.



SONNETS.





## A HOT DAY.

THE day is drooping with the summer's spell,  
Without a wind to stir the rippling sheet  
Of ocean into billows, and to beat  
The brink of beach with those loud lengths of  
swell  
That scooped the sand to wavelets where they  
fell  
At the last tide ; no breaths of breezes meet  
The outstretched face that craves for cool ;  
the heat  
Beats down so blindingly, methinks 'tis well  
That the blue splendours of the upper sky  
Are duller for a smouldering dreamy haze :  
Yet even so this stillness is to me  
A state in which I neither live nor die,  
But lie and hear through lengths of dazzling  
days  
Low laughter of the countless-dimpling  
sea.

## THE MAKING OF THE WORLD.

IF science tells us true, and if this earth  
That swings through space, clothed with a  
steam of air,  
Was once a flaming mist, then, black and  
bare,  
A place of gloom and fire and bitter dearth ;  
Then out of death sprang life, in lowest birth,  
From seething of the slime, yet climbed the  
stair  
Of upward being, growing still more fair  
Till the wide world was filled with light and  
mirth—  
If this be so, O man, what wilt thou say?  
“There is no God,” thou sayest ; “chance  
is all.”  
Did chance then plan, in that far unknown day,  
The long wise growth of life, and shape  
the whole?  
Nay, through all nature’s sun-pierced shadow-  
wall  
Our souls behold one ceaseless-working  
Soul.

## THE LIMITS.

IN silent pauses of the pulseless night,  
In thrilling pulses of the pauseless day,  
Thoughts come to me, and songs, yet flee  
    away  
Before I chain them down with words, and  
    write.  
I am as one that stands and sees the flight  
Of many-coloured gleaming showers of spray  
Cast from some wave on brink of crescent  
    bay,  
Bubbles that in their breaking grow more  
    bright.  
But thou, the mother of the spray, O sea,  
When shall I loose myself from barren sand  
And sail far out into the misty wreath  
That shrouds thy dim horizon-bound from me,  
Till sinks the last blue lessening line of land,  
And all is sky above and sea beneath ?

## AFTER THE CONCERT.

FLOWERS, that have stayed the concert out, I  
bring ;

Roses whose petals have been lightly stirred  
By breath of men's applause, and sweetest  
word

In music of the mouths of those that sing.

They felt the single violins, that ring

Even as the clear note of a lonely bird,

And full quartett, that through all hearts  
that heard

Pulsed fiercely, lightened on from string to  
string.

All this the flowers have heard and yet are  
fresh,

All this the flowers have treasured carefully :  
So set them in your bright hair's golden mesh

Above the cameo of your perfect ear,

And ask them what the music said to me.

What will they say ? Not all I would, I  
fear.

## A THANKSGIVING.

FATHER and Giver of all lovely things,  
For all I praise Thy name ; but most of all  
For those more subtle gladnesses, that fall  
Unnoticed on the crowd that sways and swings  
Driven by desire of wealth with ceaseless stings ;  
Half-tints, and echoes low and musical,  
Shadows and sunlights on a leafy wall,  
Or some intense sharp harmony of strings  
That makes the soul as lightning for a time,  
Or tender shade within a blossom's fold,  
Or wavelets brightening on a pebbly ford,  
Or perfect sweetness of a rippling rhyme,  
Or green of sunset through a gap of gold—  
These, more than thunder, show me Thee,  
O Lord.

DAY.

(THE PICTURE BY E. BURNE-JONES.)

DAY, the strong youth, across the threshold  
stands,

With hand upon the morning's open door,  
And out behind him grows from more to  
more

Light, and the murmur of the labouring lands,  
He hath the golden flame within his hands

That lights the green sea whitening to the  
shore ;

Yet nothing careth he for toil or war,  
Or joy or grief, though he unloose the bands  
That hold them down in slumber ; and the  
earth

Wakes, and the daisies open : only he  
Hath no delight or woe for darkness done.

He saith, " My life is weary at its birth,  
The thing that hath been is the thing to be,  
And there is no new thing beneath the sun."

## NIGHT.

(THE PICTURE BY E. BURNE-JONES.)

WHITE stars come out in darkening blue of  
skies,

White foam upon the blue of darkening seas,  
And the surf's murmur moans along the  
breeze,

Filled with faint echoes as of far-off cries

Repeating, "Vanity of vanities,

All, all is vanity;" and hearing these

Night stands upon the threshold of the leas,  
Blue-clad, with fair slow hands and slumbrous  
eyes.

And the wind blows to her across the deep

The voice of the dead Day, "O fairest one,

Nought good was there in me from star to  
star,

And hast thou any between sun and sun?"

So comes the cry; and from her height  
afar

Night whispers back, "There is no good but  
sleep."

## MIDNIGHT.

A SPACE of blue unfathomable night,  
Solemn with sense of all the stars unseen—  
Veiled shades of banks, a shadow bridge  
    between,  
And mist-encircled blurs and points of light—  
The river rolling in mysterious might,  
    And dim as dreams that doubt of what they  
    mean,  
    And boats and men, as ghosts of what has  
    been—  
All this we feel, with deeper sense than sight.  
Day would give back dull roofs and blackened  
towers,  
    A sullen stream, grey lightless piles of stone,  
    And fierce pursuit of pleasures nought  
    enjoyed ;  
Better the mystic moonless midnight hours,  
    And the blue vision, limitless and lone,  
    Of the vast city asleep and vaster void.



## APOLOGY.

WE do not from the garden of a year,  
Planted but late, require such cooling shade  
As by some spreading cedar might be made;  
Nor do we look for roses to appear,  
Such as in garden of Sultan or Vizier  
Made sweet the winds that with their petals  
played  
Round rich pavilion and through lit arcade,  
In golden Eastern tales that still are dear.  
Nor do we seek for fruit ; we but desire  
That some sweet common flowers may meet  
the spring ;  
So are these all that men may have of me:  
No royal lyric rose with heart of fire,  
But the small earnest of some better thing,  
If no blight blast it, in the years to be.

## UNSATISFIED.

I THINK that man would die of weariness  
Were there no seas too deep for him to  
wade,  
No wastes of sky to make his thought afraid,  
No unclimbed peaks with pure snow passion-  
less,  
No still-receding aim above success,  
No depths of joy and grief, of light and  
shade,  
But all things equable and smooth and staid,  
Nor mighty overmuch to curse or bless.  
We must have mysteries too great for us,  
And hear strange feet on paths by men  
untrod,  
Whose sound is music thrilled with joyful  
pain.  
Ah, let life never be not marvellous,  
For Love, like him of Judah sent by God,  
Dies, if he go by the old ways again.

A BRIDE'S THOUGHT.

MY unknown poet-lover, whom in dreams  
I lean to from unreal reality,  
And feel for thee, and faintly seem to see  
Thy glory of singing, as a moon that gleams  
Misty on rippling reaches of strange streams,  
Or star, the prophet of the sun to be—  
What is it that myself has done to me?  
O thou that somewhere art, who is this seems  
To be and be beloved, and is not thou?  
His lesser light is mine, who yet desire  
To climb the sky to thy far height of fire ;  
I would have died to know thee, but not now,  
And having seen, had counted death most  
sweet :  
But now I pray our lives may never meet.

A SIMILE.

I NEVER saw a sight that I might call  
Like to that marvel of your golden hair  
That catches all men seeing in its snare,  
Save once ; and on this wise did it befall.  
I floated down a river, past the wall  
Of many a goodly garden, when the air  
Was full of summer sunshine everywhere,  
And nothing seemed to be in life at all  
But only dreams ; and drifting through a  
bridge  
Low-arched, and built of grey old carven  
stone  
Whereon the moss of many years had grown,  
Behold, the sunlight struck from every ridge  
Of onward-twining ripples, leapt and made  
A net of golden light across the shade.

## IN CHAPEL.

O ACADEMIC preacher, rest, and spare  
Thy pious platitudes, nor half-intone  
The words that up to the vast vaulting drone  
And mingle with their echoes in the air,  
Till the long murmur eddies everywhere  
Down from each great rose-carven central  
stone  
To vex my dreaming mind, that now has  
grown  
To more a mood of poetry than prayer ;  
For over glories of the gleaming pane  
There flits a face that here no hand might  
paint,  
Too fair for any loveless sinless saint :  
And a sound haunts me like the sweet refrain  
Of some old lay of love, that ever stirs  
Across the chanting of the choristers.

## AFTERNOON CHAPEL.

CLOUD overhead and darkening of the skies,  
Yet the glow lingers on the pictured panes ;  
Reluctantly the gold and ruby wanes  
From robes of saints and royal blazonries.  
So let the monotones of prayer arise,  
And the choir's music, louder than the  
rain's,  
Blend with the organ. Though the wind  
complains,  
Without the windows still its wailing dies.  
But we must leave at length the goodly fane,  
And as the closing of the carven door  
Shuts in the vision of the shrine dim-lit,  
We meet the passionate weeping of the rain ;  
The wind's old wail is sadder than before,  
And nothing in the music answers it.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

THERE is a tremor in the windless air  
That scarce may stir the leaves above my  
head ;  
The weariness of sunlight lies like lead  
On the gold-green of grasses, and the glare  
Of scarlet flowers burns all the flower-beds  
bare  
Some of that blinding splendour of sheer  
red ;  
And I methinks am living and not dead,  
But other life there seems not anywhere.  
Yet somewhere surely are the mighty throngs  
Of those that toil and sorrow and are wise  
More than my thought can ever under-  
stand ;  
Less seem they than the least of dreamy songs  
In the shut book of songs unread that lies  
Under the hammock, fallen from my hand.

BY THE SEA.

I.

WHITE sails across a summer sea  
That shimmers up in lines of light  
To break in ripples, where the white  
Of foam-flakes wavers languidly,  
And the clear under stones seem free  
And dancing in the wave's delight—  
O love, has all sweet sound and sight  
No speech, no song, for you and me?  
What shall we do to make the day  
Perfect, that in all days to come  
We may not find a fault in this?  
Shall we search out to sing or say  
Some sweetest thing, or but be dumb,  
And let the sea speak, and our kiss?



## II.

So be it ; yet neither sea nor sky  
Can be our love's interpreter,  
With their mere depth of blue, and stir  
Of flashing waves that break and die.  
We have grown wiser, you and I,  
Too wise to dream, as those that were,  
Of any sight or sound of her,  
Foam-born, that heard the lover's cry.  
Would not this water seem as fair  
Across your face, as at your feet,  
Washing among its weeds and strays  
That treasure of loose-shaken hair,  
Too lovely utterly, my sweet,  
For any words of mine to praise ?

## III.

Ah, kiss, as ripples kiss the sand,  
Cling, as the weed upon the stone,  
Sing, like the sea's soft undertone,  
Songs that I may not understand,

But rest entranced therein, and fanned  
By breath of your sweet lips alone  
Onward towards the blue unknown  
Shore of some sea of fairyland ;  
So that we two may once behold,  
In this long loving afternoon,  
That unreached happy haven rise,  
Before the night's first breath comes cold,  
And the white crescent of the moon  
Grows golden as the daylight dies.

## CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.

Lo, when we pour the wine of story or song,  
Art comes before us as a cupbearer,  
With many carven cups and flagons fair,  
Saying, "Choose now thy vessel from the  
throng  
To pour libation. Some for ages long  
Have kept the fragrance of the wines that  
were,  
But two are chiefest, wonderful and rare,  
And if thy wine be mighty, they are strong.  
See, as I turn the cups, how one is wrought  
With the fair gods of high Hellenic thought,  
And shock of great glad fights, and feastings  
free ;  
The other, chased with leaves and shields  
of knights,  
Shell-shapen, hath within it shadowy  
lights,  
Whispers of woods and sighings of the sea."

## THE CREED.

ALL through the creed's unwavering monotone  
The organ sounded softly, chiming still,  
Through all the changes of its wayward will,  
To that one note, though not to that alone,  
In weird sad chords, like the wind's word  
unknown

That to the silent hearer seems to thrill  
Through the long grasses of some lonely hill,  
The lonelier for the sunlight broadly thrown.  
So in the music came a note more strange  
Caught from the world's mysterious harmony,  
The eternal sorrow of elemental song,  
That seems to chime in its unceasing change  
With our beliefs ; but still beneath them lie  
The undertones of doubt and aimless  
wrong.

## THE SPHINX.

THE Faith of man is as a Sphinx that lies  
And gazes evermore into the West,  
Facing with human eyes and lion's breast  
The desert drifting through the centuries  
Eastward and eastward ; when the daylight dies  
It sees the sandy ripples, crest by crest,  
Redden with sunset, till the earth be blest  
With a cool wind beneath the cloudless skies.  
The pageant of the passing stars alway  
Rolls on above the silent stony face  
That holds communion with the secret  
night ;  
And the first arrows of the eastern light  
Strike on the Sphinx, and show from day to  
day  
The sand a little higher round its base.

## COMPENSATION.

FOR our lost summer, our lost friends,  
What shall be given to us again?  
Long autumn days of driving rain,  
And snow wherein the sad year ends.  
These shall be ours to make amends  
With death of joys that still remain ;  
Pain shall be recompensed with pain,  
And grief a greater grief portends.  
Let the rank grass grow wet and long  
Over the dead that lie so still  
In peace, until their lot be ours,  
And we too have for joy and song  
The rain and wind to beat at will  
Our rotting wreaths of funeral flowers.

## THE LAST PICNIC.

THE darkness drew across the wearied earth  
Even as we journeyed, for the way was  
long ;  
The stillness of the night was on our song,  
The sadness of the autumn on our mirth.  
For with a foretaste of the days of dearth  
The air was chill ; yet in its breath the  
strong  
Sea-savour seemed to raise the ghostly  
throng  
Of joys desired that died before their birth—  
The cravings of our loves that never kissed,  
The words unspoken of our loving lips.  
All flowers were withered ; by our way  
instead  
Black poplars through a moonlit sea of mist  
Peered, like the masts of many sunken ships,  
Wherein our summer dreams lay drowned  
and dead.

IN AN ALBUM,

DECEMBER 23RD.

Now, when the year is nigh outworn,  
    There are no blooms for me to bring ;  
    Bloom is of summer and of spring :  
Nor bear I autumn's fruit or corn.  
Snow flecks the naked fields forlorn,  
    The bare boughs have not birds to sing,  
    And earth holds fast in harbouring  
The whole sweet world of flowers unborn.  
And barren is my field of rhyme,  
    Yet what I have, I give to you,  
    Greeting ; a little holly spray,  
    Harsh, with no tender play of hue,  
    Yet not unfitting, since the day  
Is close on holy Christmas-tide.



IF.

IF I were the seasons' king,  
    Is there aught I would not do,  
    O my sweet, for love of you?  
Honeysuckle rioting  
Over hedges in the spring,  
    Roses all the autumn through,  
    If you would, and winter too—  
Gifts like these the days should bring.  
But your hourly whims would tire  
Me to give you your desire,  
    Were I lord of time, I fear ;  
Now I rule not frost and fire,  
    I have time to love you, dear,  
    All the days of all the year.

## THE IDEAL.

IN a land of changeless skies,  
Under marble towers that keep  
Watch above the purple deep—  
Love, whose fairness dreaming lies  
Out of sight of all men's eyes,  
Do you hear the fountain weep  
Drop by drop across your sleep,  
Or the breeze's perfumed sighs?  
Still the lids are shut above  
Eyes that are my stars of love,  
And your perfect lips are dumb;  
Silent, inaccessible,  
In the land I know so well,  
Whither I shall never come.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BAUDELAIRE.

I.

THE LIFE BEFORE.

IN porches flashing back the sunset dyes  
I dwelt long time, with all the sea around ;  
At night their tall straight solemn pillars  
frowned  
Like the sea-caves where piers of basalt rise.  
The swell that swayed the picture of the skies  
Mingled in some strange harmony profound  
Its mighty melodies of sovereign sound  
With colours of the sunset in my eyes.  
There lived I in the still delight of calm,  
Cirled with sky and glories and great waves,  
And the brown odorous limbs of many slaves,  
Who fanned my forehead with their fronds of  
palm,  
And whose one care was only to divine  
The secret sorrow that would make me  
pine.

II.

STRANGE PERFUME.

WHEN, with shut eyes, on some warm autumn  
night,

I breathe the perfume of your bosom's heat,  
Before me stretch the lands I long to greet,  
Dazzled with beating of monotonous light ;  
Some sleepy isle where Nature gives to sight  
Strange trees and fruits of savour sharp and  
sweet,

Men whose brown limbs are lean and strong  
and fleet ;

Women whose eyes are strangely free and  
bright.

Drawn by your perfume under magic skies,  
I see a bay, filled by a fleet that lies

At rest from waves that wearied it so long ;  
While the strong scent of the green tamarinds,  
Born through my nostrils on the tropic winds,  
Strikes to my soul, mixed with the mariners'  
song.

III.

MEDITATION

BE still, my sorrow, and be strong to bear ;  
The evening thou didst pray for, now comes  
down.

A veil of dusky air enfolds the town,  
Bringing soft peace to some, to others care.  
Now, while the wretched throngs of soulless  
clay,

Beneath the pitiless sting of pleasure's whip  
Gather remorse in slavish fellowship,  
Sorrow, give me thy hand, and come away,  
Far from their noise. See the sad years  
deceased

Lean from the sky in garb of bygone times,  
Regret that smiles up from the river's  
deep,

The sun that sinks beneath the bridge to  
sleep,

And hear the footsteps of the Night that  
climbs

Like a long shroud, trailing across the East.

## LOVE AND WINE.

SPACE is glorious to-day !  
Casting bit and spur away,  
    Let us ride on steeds of wine  
    To some fairyland divine !  
Like two spirits in the spell  
Of a drouth unquenchable,  
    Follow the mirage withdrawn  
    Down the azure deeps of dawn !  
Softly swayed upon the wing  
    Of the whirlwind where we ride,  
    Down our madness, like a stream,  
    Dearest, swimming side by side,  
We will fly unwearying  
    To the Eden of my dream !

## LOVE IN DEATH.

WE will have beds with faintest perfumes  
sweet,

And couches deep as is a sepulchre,  
And strange exotic flowers in order meet,  
That bloomed for us beneath a sky more  
fair.

So, wearing out at will their latest heat,

Our souls shall be two mighty torches there,  
And these their double radiance shall repeat  
In mirrors of our minds, a kindred pair.

Some evening all of rose and shadowy blue,

We will exchange a single flash, no more,

Like a long sob, laden with all farewell;

After, an angel opening the door,

Faithful and glad, shall come to light anew

Dulled mirrors, and the faded flames  
that fell.

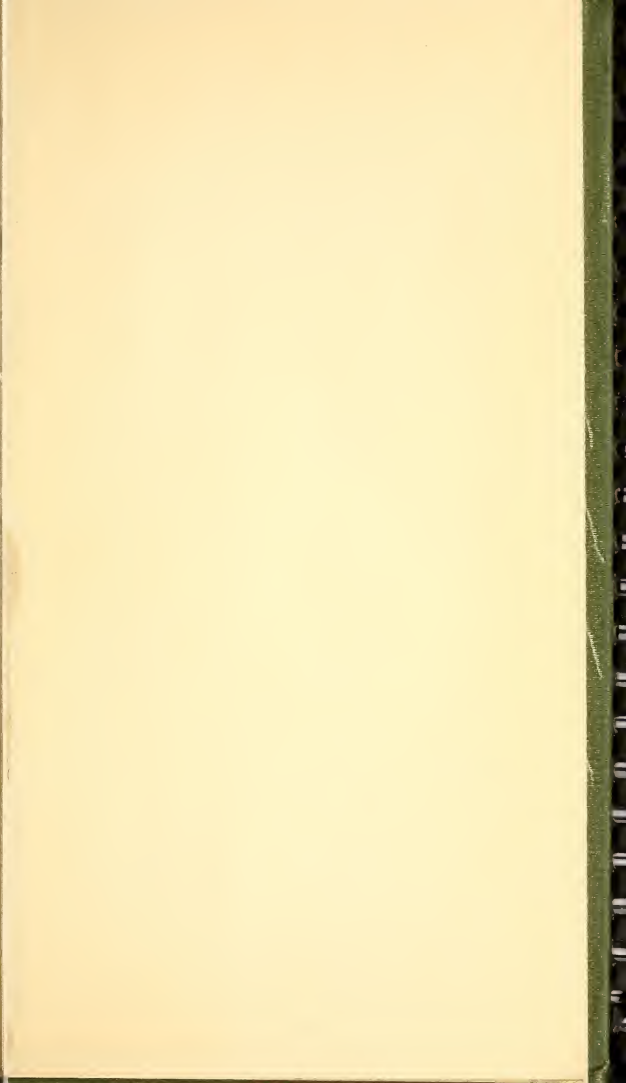
VI.

THE DAY'S END.

UNDER wan and hueless light,  
Life, that knows not rest nor shame,  
Runs or writhes without an aim ;  
So, when on the verge of sight  
Rises the voluptuous Night,  
Making even hunger stay,  
Hiding even shame away,  
Saith the poet, "O delight !  
Rest at length for limbs and mind !  
With a weary heart that holds  
Nought but visions gloomiest,  
Now I will lie down to rest,  
Wrapped within your curtained folds,  
Darkness comforting and kind !"

1 ) -





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